

# NATIONAL

OCTOBER  
No. 30

## COMICS

10c



EXTRA!

UNCLE SAM...

PLUNGES INTO A  
WEB OF CERTAIN  
**DEATH**  
TO SAVE A ...  
BRIEF CASE!



# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



# NATIONAL

OCTOBER  
No. 36.

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10c

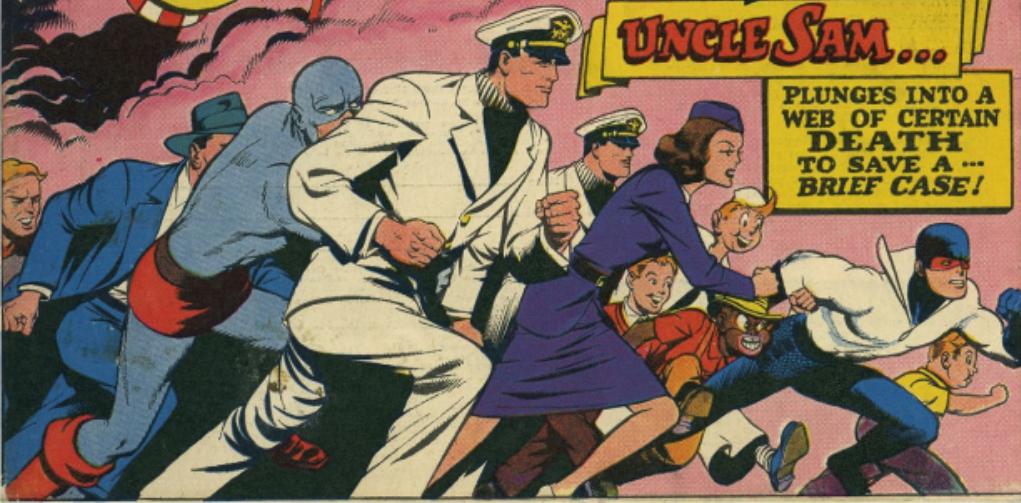
SM  
10  
COMIC  
BOOKS



EXTRA!

UNCLE SAM...

PLUNGES INTO A  
WEB OF CERTAIN  
**DEATH**  
TO SAVE A ...  
**BRIEF CASE!**





**BOYS! BE THE FIRST ONE IN YOUR  
NEIGHBORHOOD TO OWN A "KRAK-A-JAP"**

What a thrill you will get when you actually own and use the new Commando Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun. The gang will be green with envy if you are the first one in your neighborhood to get a Krak-A-Jap Commando Machine Gun and the FREE 5-Power Telescope.

You needn't send a single penny. Have Dad or Mother fill out and mail the "no risk" coupon. When your Krak-A-Jap and Free Telescope arrive, just pay the postman \$1.98 plus a few pennies postage and c.o.d. charges. If the Krak-A-Jap isn't more fun than a "barrel of monkeys," just return it within 10 days and we will refund your money in full. Don't forget, if you RUSH your order at once, we send you the big 5-Power Telescope absolutely FREE.

**Hurry Fellas! Rush This Coupon**

**WITH THIS OFFER**

If you order the Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun at once, we will include this big 13-inch 5-Power Telescope absolutely FREE. It's made with genuine ground, polished glass lenses. Enlarges everything to 5 times its size—brings objects 5 times closer. Perfect for spotting planes, birds, sporting events, etc. We will also include a valuable Airplane Chart FREE, showing 31 Allied and Axis planes in silhouette so that they could be easily identified.

How would you like to play "WAR" with your very own Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun? So completely does it resemble the real machine gun used by our Commandos, that you will get a thrill when you get it in your hands. You will be positively amazed when you hear its loud machine gun noise that can be heard for hundreds of feet.

The Krak-A-Jap is made of wood and non-critical material and it's built to stand up and take plenty of hard knocks. It measures over 27 inches from the handle to the tip of the gun and it is painted in true army camouflage colors throughout. It's loads of fun—makes a noise like a real battle is going on—but it's absolutely **SAFE** and **HARMLESS**. Rush your order today while our limited supply lasts.

**Send no money** To Get Your **COMMANDO**  
Machine Gun and **FREE** Telescope

**ILLINOIS MERCHANTISE MART**  
590 N Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. Dept. 1703

Gentlemen: I enclose my check or money order for \$1.98 Please rush me the new Commando Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun with the understanding that if I am not fully satisfied with it, I may return it in 10 days and get my money back. You are to include absolutely **FREE** the 5-Power Telescope described above.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

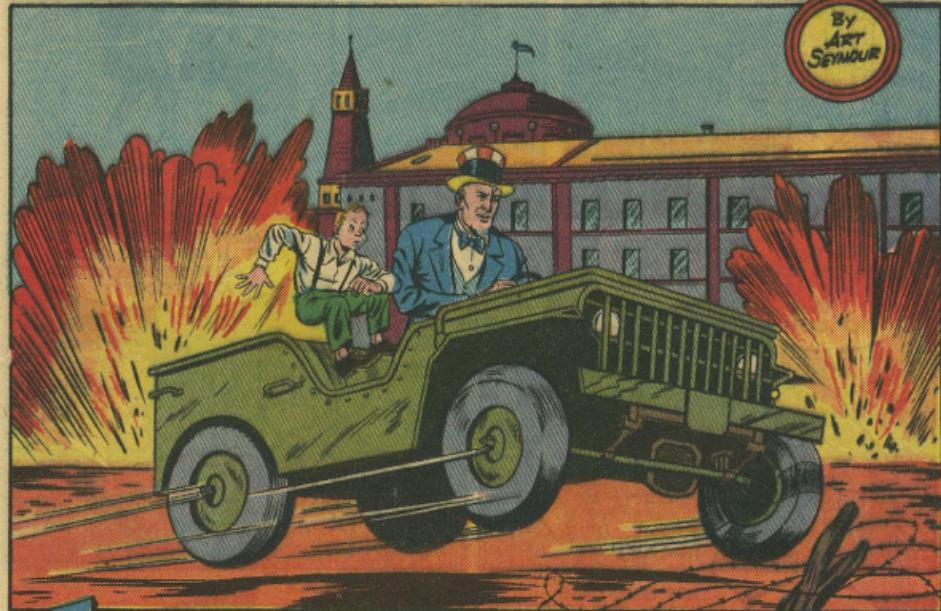
Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Please ship the Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun and Free Telescope c.o.d. I will pay the postman \$1.98 plus postage and c.o.d. charges.

Please send me 2 Krak-A-Jap Machine Guns and 2 Free Telescopes at the special price of \$3.79 (a saving of 17¢)

# UNCLE

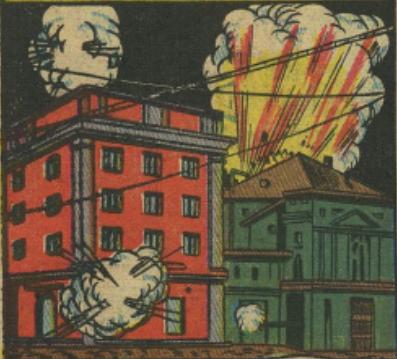
**T**

HE RUSSIANS LOST MORE THAN THE TOWN! THERE WERE CERTAIN DIPLOMATIC SECRETS IN AN ABANDONED BRIEF CASE LEFT IN A HOTEL ROOM ... IN A HOTEL WHICH HAD BECOME THE LAST FORTRESS FOR A VALIANT STAND BY THE EMBATTLED SURVIVORS STILL HOLDING OUT AGAINST THE NAZIS!

**UNCLE SAM** PLUNGES INTO THE CENTER OF THE NAZI WEB IN A MILLION-TO-ONE GAMBLE WITH DEATH AND, INCIDENTALLY, LEARNS A FEW SECRETS ABOUT OUR FIGHTING RUSSIAN ALLIES WHEN THE HOTEL BIZUM BECOMES A MINIATURE BATTLEFIELD OF WORLD WAR NO. 2!

# SAM

**VIOLENT STREET FIGHTING RAGES IN THE STREETS OF BIZUM, WHERE A NAZI COUNTER-ATTACK HURLS BACK THE DEFENDING RUSSIAN TROOPS....**



**...AND BY NIGHTFALL, THE NAZI SWASTIKA FLAUNTS ITS CROOKED CROSS FROM A HOUSE TOP...**



**ON AN EMBANKMENT, EAST OF THE TOWN, THE RUSSIANS REGROUP THEIR BATTERED FORCES!**

OUR GARRISON IN THE HOTEL BIZUM IS CUT OFF!



THERE'S NO HOPE! THEY CAN'T GET OUT NOW!

SIR, THE AMERICAN CONSUL WOULD LIKE TO SPEAK TO YOU!

SEND HIM TO ME AT ONCE!



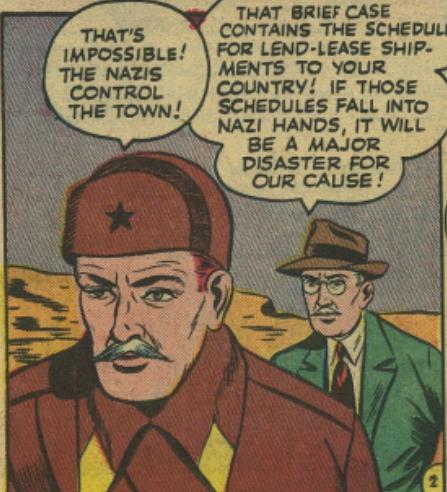
I MUST APOLOGIZE FOR THE HASTY MANNER IN WHICH WE WERE FORCED TO DEPART, MR. CONSUL! THE NAZIS TOOK US BY SURPRISE!

I'VE JUST NOW DISCOVERED THAT I LEFT A MOST IMPORTANT BRIEF-CASE IN MY HOTEL ROOM! IT MUST BE RECOVERED AT ALL COSTS!



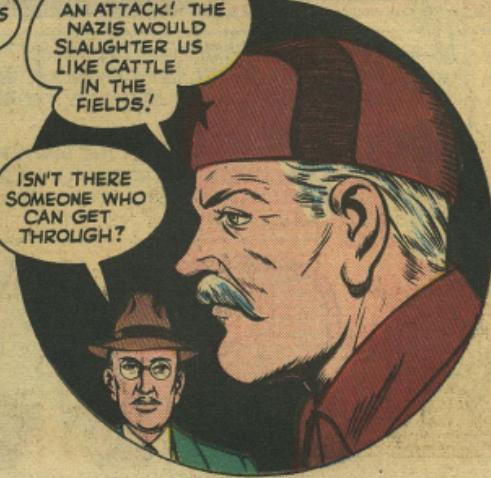
THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! THE NAZIS CONTROL THE TOWN!

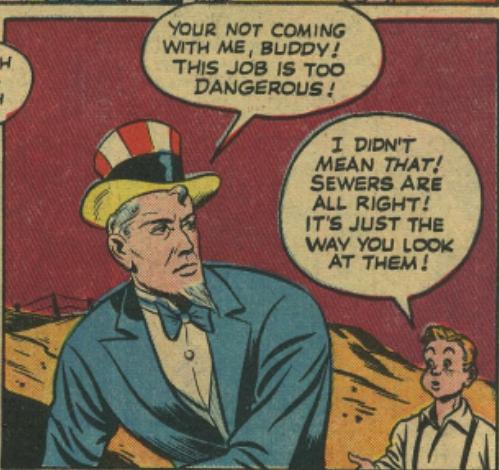
THAT BRIEF CASE CONTAINS THE SCHEDULES FOR LEND-LEASE SHIPMENTS TO YOUR COUNTRY! IF THOSE SCHEDULES FALL INTO NAZI HANDS, IT WILL BE A MAJOR DISASTER FOR OUR CAUSE!



I CAN'T ORDER AN ATTACK! THE NAZIS WOULD SLAUGHTER US LIKE CATTLE IN THE FIELDS!

ISN'T THERE SOMEONE WHO CAN GET THROUGH?







BREASTING  
THE  
POWERFUL  
CURRENT,  
UNCLE  
SAM  
DOGEDDLY  
FIGHTS  
HIS  
WAY  
AHEAD...

CAN'T  
HOLD MY  
BREATH  
MUCH  
LONGER!



THIS  
LOOKS LIKE  
THE BASEMENT  
OF THE HOTEL  
BIZUM!

WELL, THE RUSSIANS  
AREN'T GUARDING THIS  
PLACE VERY WELL! ANYBODY  
COULD COME IN HERE  
WITHOUT BEING SEEN!



I GUESS  
I SPOKE TOO  
SOON!

WE FOUND  
THIS MAN IN  
THE BASEMENT.  
CAPTAIN IVAN!

UNCLE  
SAM!

RAISE  
UP THE  
HANDS!

MARCH!





ABRUPTLY THE STREET OUTSIDE THE HOTEL BIZUM EXPLODES INTO LIFE, AS THE NAZIS STORM THE ENTRANCE AND ENCOUNTER WITHERING FIRE!





WHILE, DIRECTLY ABOVE UNCLE SAM...

I HEAR SOMEONE MOVING BELOW US!

STATION MEN AT EACH SIDE OF THE ROOM! WE'LL CATCH THEM IN A CROSS FIRE!

STEEL-JACKETED BULLETS TEAR A PATH THROUGH THE FLOOR!

KEEP FIRING UNTIL THEY ARE DEAD!

THIS WAY, UNCLE SAM!

THROUGH HERE, QUICKLY!

WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!

WE CAN'T HOLD OUT HERE! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING LEFT TO DO!

WE MUST ATTACK!

WHAT?

BROTHER -- NOW YOU'RE TALKING MY LANGUAGE!

FORWARD, MEN!



**A** GILE AS ACROBATS, THE MEN DESCEND THE ELEVATOR CABLE TOWARD THE NAZIS WAITING ON THE FLOOR BELOW!



JUST ONE LAST THING BEFORE WE LEAVE!  
HURRY! WE DON'T WANT TO MISS THE ACTION!



THEY'RE WAITING FOR US OUT THERE!

WE WON'T DISAPPOINT THEM!

**Y**ELLING A FIERCE WAR CRY, THE BRAVE RUSSIANS ERUPT INTO THE HOTEL LOBBY!



GIVING NO QUARTER, THE RUSSIANS BATTLE TOWARD THE ENTRANCE OF THE HOTEL BIZUM!



DO YOU KNOW HOW TO OPERATE THIS?

THAT'S ANOTHER THING YOU HAVE TO LEARN ABOUT AMERICANS, IVAN!



# WINDY BREEZE



# QUICKSILVER

BY FRED GUARDINEER



IN AMERICA'S LAST FRONTIER IN  
ALASKA, QUICKSILVER BATTLES  
THE ORIENTAL FOES OF THE  
PRESENT DAY PIONEERS IN THAT  
FAR FLUNG NORTHERN TERRITORY  
WHERE JAP PARACHUTISTS LURK  
IN THE TUNDRA AND DEATH  
WALKS THE QUARTERDECK OF A  
GHOST SHIP IN THE YUKON.

IN THE MUSKEG WILDERNESS OF ALASKA, QUICKSILVER AND HIS INDIAN FRIEND, SHOSHONE SEARCH FOR JAP PARACHUTISTS REPORTED IN THE VICINITY.



PROBABLY THESE JAPS ARE JUST A RUMOR - OR SOME TRAPPER HAD TOO MUCH FIREWATER AND THOUGHT HE SAW THEM.

WE BETTER MAKE SURE. NEVER CAN TELL WHAT THE JAPS WILL DO!



LOOK! A MAN...MURDERED!  
MAYBE THERE ARE JAPS HEREABOUTS!



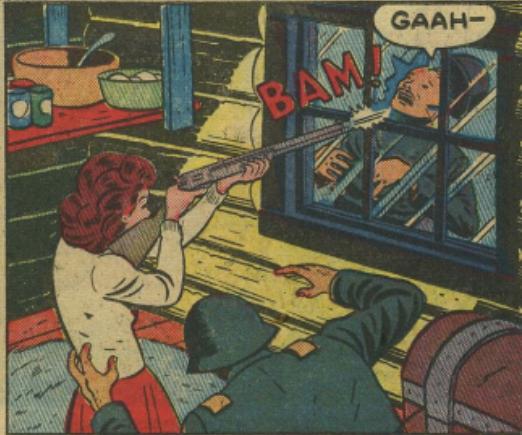
JAPS! WE BETTER BEAT IT TO WIDOW BAILEY'S PLACE! HER CABIN'S TEN MILES FROM HERE.

BUT ALREADY THE JAPS ARE STORMING THE LONELY CABIN.

IT IS REPORTED ONLY WOMAN AND CHILD LIVE HERE - CHARGE!

JAPS!





MEANWHILE QUICKSILVER AND SHOSHONE RACE THEIR JEEP OVER THE MOUNTAINOUS TRAIL.

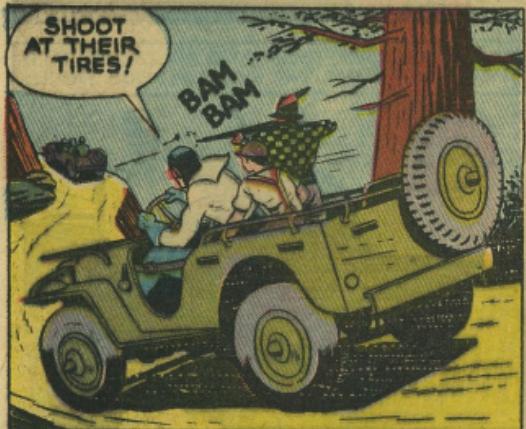
HOPE  
WE'RE NOT  
TOO LATE!



WE ARE! IT'S DESERTED.  
AND THERE'S A DEAD JAP!  
SHE SURE PUT UP A FIGHT!

QUICKSILVER!  
GEE! WELL!  
HELP I SEE THEY DIDN'T  
ME AND GET YOU! SURE  
MY MOM, WILL YA?  
WELL HELP YOU,  
MY FRIEND. WHICH  
WAY DID THEY  
GO?









SO SORRY! RAISE HANDS  
PLEASE! I WILL BUNDLE  
YOU UP FOR A  
PRESENT TO THE  
EMPEROR! HA,  
HA!

OH,  
OH!

BUT FROM THE REAR OF THE  
JAP SHOSHONE YELLS AN  
OLD TRIBAL WARHOOP!



YOU MUST COME HOME  
WITH ME AND MY BOY...  
WE NEED A HIRED MAN WHO  
CAN HELP US AND WHO KNOWS  
THE WILDERNESS!

I CAN HUNT, FISH,  
AND TRAP... BUT  
AS FOR DOING  
HOUSEWORK-  
UGH!

HEY!  
WHAT AM  
I SAYING?!  
QUICKSILVER,  
HELP ME! TAKE  
ME WITH  
YOU!

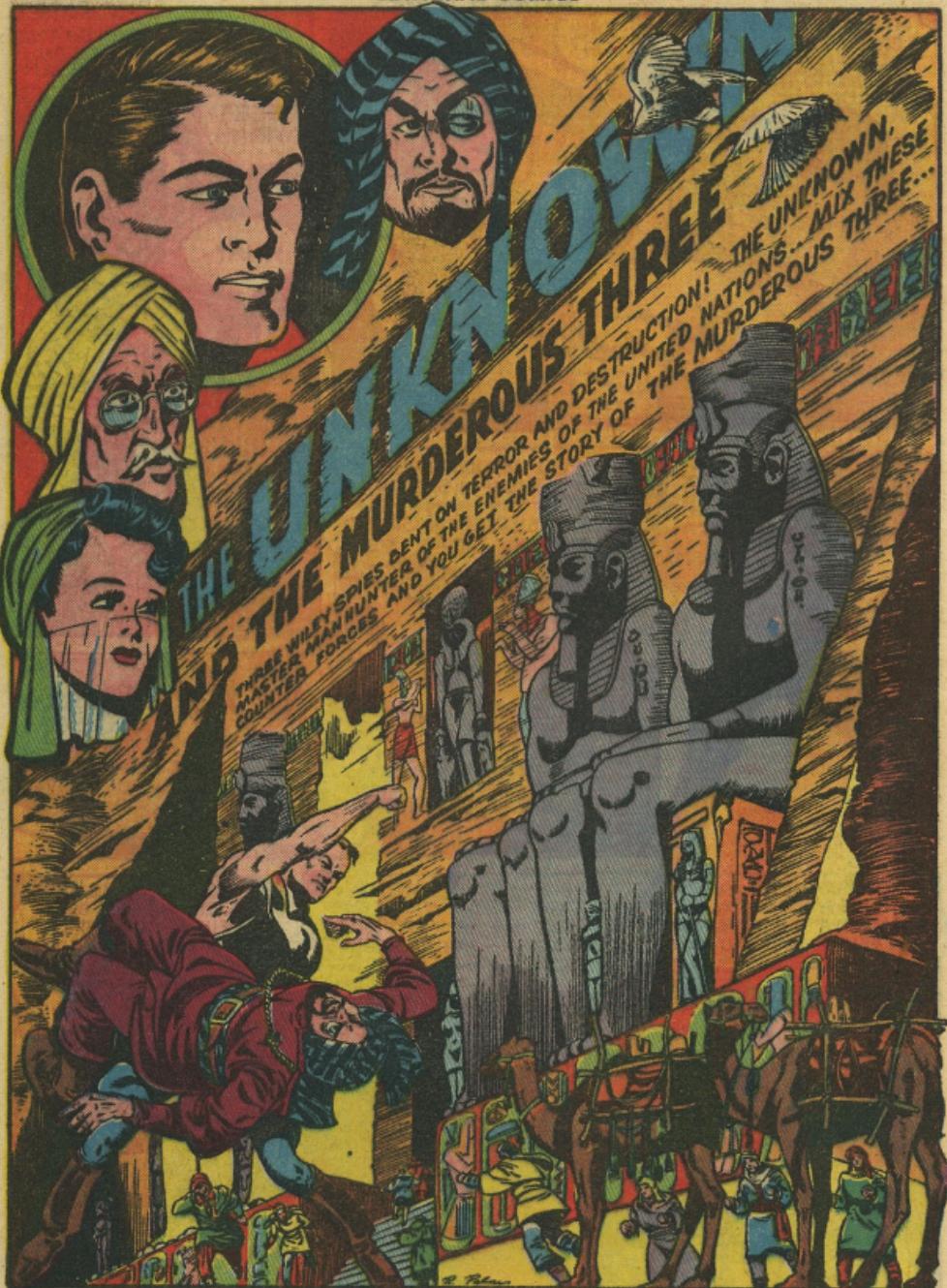
NOT THIS TIME,  
SHOSHONE! I'LL BE  
SEEING YOU WHEN I  
COME THIS WAY AGAIN!  
YOU'VE GOT A JOB TO  
HELP MRS. BAILEY WITH  
THE DISHES! HA,  
HA, HO!



**QUICKSILVER**  
STRIKES AGAINST THE ENEMIES  
OF AMERICA AGAIN IN NEXT MONTH'S  
**NATIONAL COMICS**

# THE UNKNOWN OWN THE MURDEROUS THREE

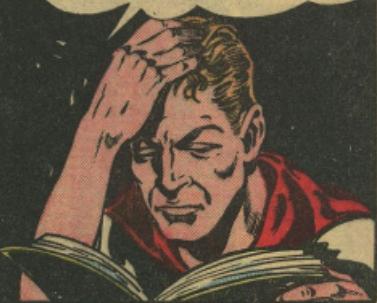
THREE WILEY SPIES DENT ON TERROR AND DESTRUCTION!  
MASTER MAN-HUNTER AND OF THE ENEMIES OF THE UNITED NATIONS.  
COUNTER FORCES AND YOU GET THE STORY OF THE MURDEROUS THREE...  
THE UNKNOWN, THE UNKNOWN, THE UNKNOWN,  
MIX THESE THREE...



THE UNKNOWN, AT THE REQUEST OF THE ALLIED HIGH COMMAND - INVESTIGATES AN ADDRESS FOUND ON A DEAD SPY - OUR STORY OPENS IN THE CELLAR OF THE ADDRESS IN QUESTION ...



HM! THREE RENEGADES WITH CRIMINAL RECORDS EXTENDING BACK FAR BEFORE THE OUTBREAK OF THIS WAR.



PIANO CHARLEY - A TRAITOROUS ENGLISHMAN, BUT PRINCIPALLY A SAFE CRACKER ...

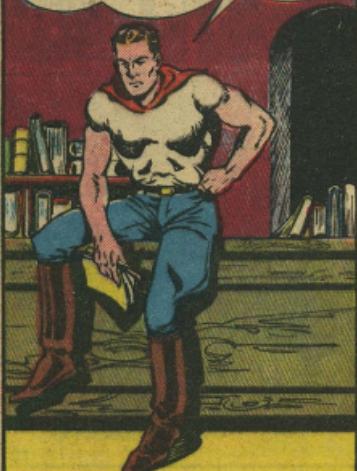


THE DUTCHMAN - HOW OR WHERE HE CAME FROM IS A MYSTERY — EXPERT EXTRAORDINARY AT FORGERY AND ENGRAVING BANKNOTES ...

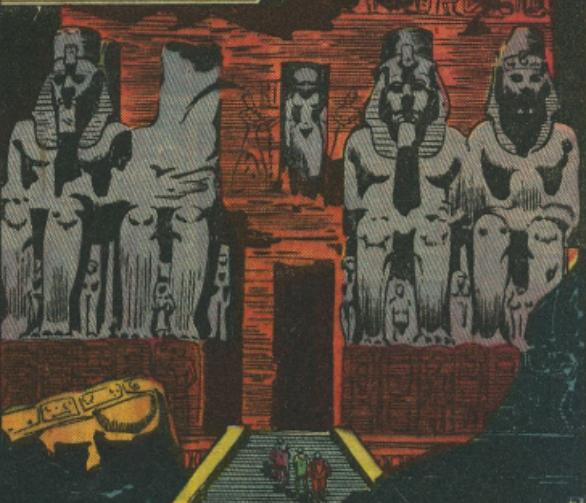


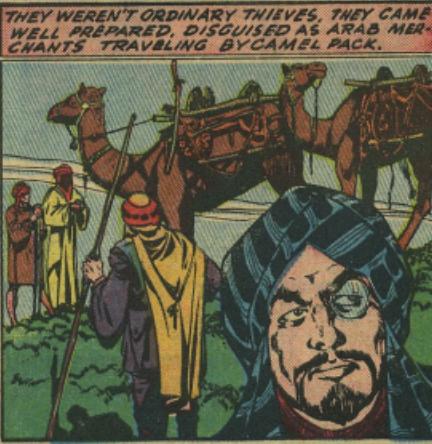
MARION WELLS - HALF-CASTE WIFE OF THE DUTCHMAN - AN ETHERIAL BEAUTY BUT UNDERNEATH, A HARD RUTHLESS AND TREACHEROUS WENCH ...

AND THEIR WHEREABOUTS? WHY THEY'RE ON A BIG JOB IN EGYPT, IN THE WESTERN VALLEY OF THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS.



EGYPT - LAND OF MYSTERY AND INTRIGUE - VALLEY OF THE NILE WHERE STANDS THE FOUR COLOSSI OF RAMSES II BEFORE THE GREAT TEMPLE. THIS IS WHERE OUR SPIES ARE NOW OPERATING ...





A SHORT TIME LATER AT A HIDE OUT IN THE HEART OF THE VILLAGE.



WELL, MY GOOD FRIENDS WE MEET AT LAST. WILL YOU COME QUIETLY, OR WILL WE HAVE DIFFICULTIES?



A TERRIFIC FIGHT FOLLOWS BUT DURING THE MAD SCRAMBLE MARION WELLS MANAGES TO ESCAPE.



LATER AT THE VILLAGE JAIL



I WONDER WHERE SHE IS? I WON'T REST UNTIL SHE ----



A SHORT TIME LATER, MARION HELPS HER PARTNERS TO ESCAPE JAIL.



THE NEXT DAY THE UNKNOWN RECEIVES A TAUNTING LETTER FROM THE MURDEROUS THREE TELLING OF THE ESCAPE AND CONTAINING A THREAT OF COMING DISASTER TO THE UNITED NATIONS.



AND THE THREAT PROVES VERY REAL! THE UNPROVOKED ATTACK ON AN ENGLISH FLYER BY JAPANESE. HE WAS SHOT DOWN IN FLAMES AND HIS BODY RIDDLED WITH BULLETS...

AND THE MUCH DISCUSSED TORPEDOING OF AN AMERICAN BATTLESHIP IN THE PACIFIC...



AN UPRISING ON THE MEXICAN BORDER PLANNED BY THESE VICTIOUS SPIES, TO CAUSE FRICTION BETWEEN TWO PEACEFUL NATIONS...





AWHILE LATER...



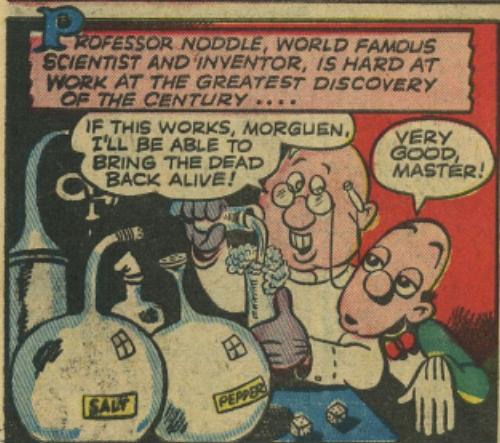
THE UNKNOWN HAD PLANNED FOR THIS TURN OF EVENTS...



READ ABOUT THE EXCITING ADVENTURES OF THE UNKNOWN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF  
**NATIONAL COMICS**

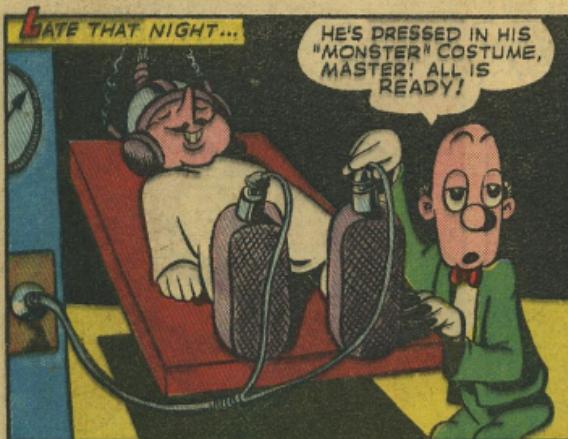
# PROFESSOR NODDLE

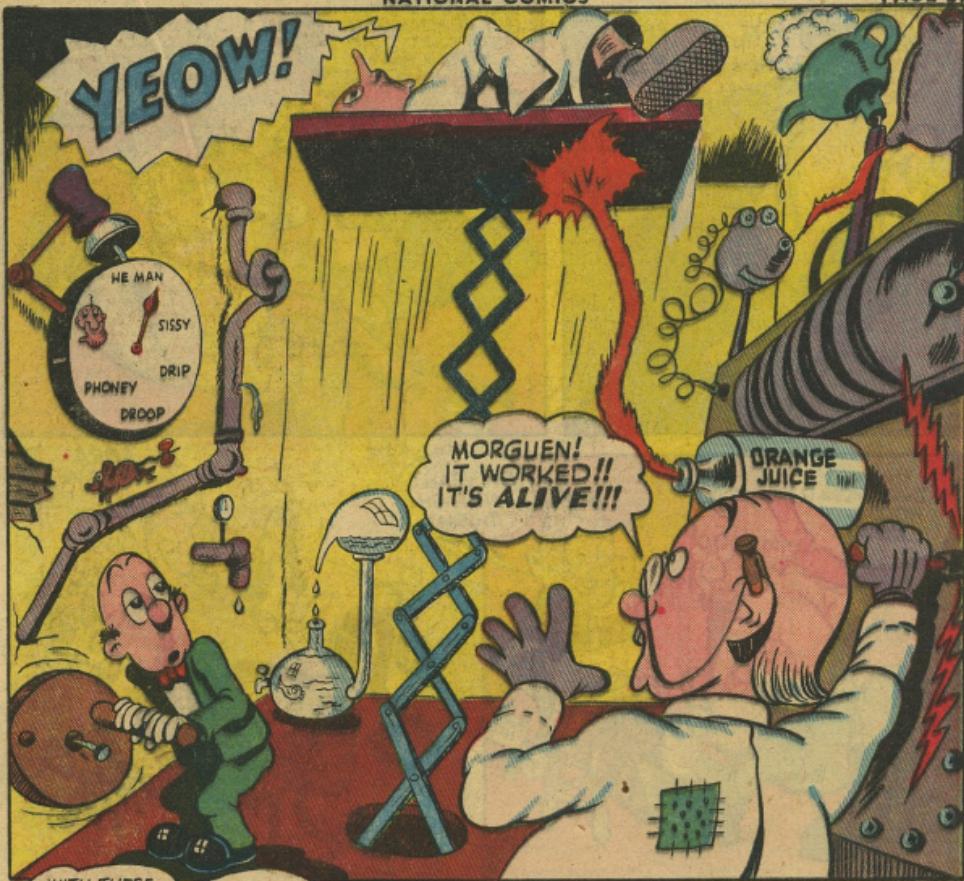
and his assistant ~ MORGUEN

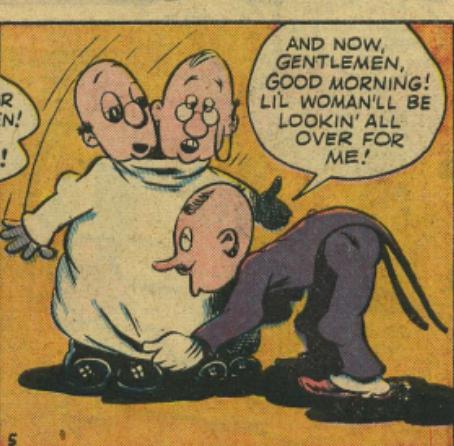


TEN MINUTES LATER...











I'M SURE THIS'LL  
MAKE YOU FEEL BETTER,  
CAPTAIN ... AND YOU CAN  
SIT IN THE SUN ALL  
YOU WANT TO!

# Salty Waters

HOW COME  
YOU AN' THE  
SKIPPER ARE  
SO PALLY?

I GAVE  
HIM A  
SPECIAL  
SALVE A  
NATIVE  
SOLD ME!

MY OWN  
SPECIAL  
SUN-BURN  
BALM!

WE'LL  
SEE,  
WATERS!

A SURE SUN-BURN  
ANTIDOTE --- BOY!...  
AM I SITTIN'  
PRETTY!

LEMME  
SMELL  
DAT  
SPONGE!

IF IT WORKS,  
I'LL BE AN  
ENSIGN BY  
MORNING! -

--BY NOON A  
LIEUTENANT!

--IF HIS SKIN  
DIDN'T BURN  
LIKE A RIPE  
TIMATER!

BECAUSE THE  
SKIPPER JUST  
LOVES HIS SUN  
AND SURF-BATHING  
ON LEAVE!

OH, BOY!

YEH, BUT MY  
LOTION'LL  
FIX ALL THAT!

I KNOW  
THAT STUFF!  
IT'S CALLED  
"GOONA JUICE!"

AND IT  
DOES  
CURE  
SUN-BURN,  
BUT...

BUT  
WHAT?

IT ALSO ATTRACTS BIRDS!  
THEY GO FOR IT LIKE  
CATS DO CATNIP!

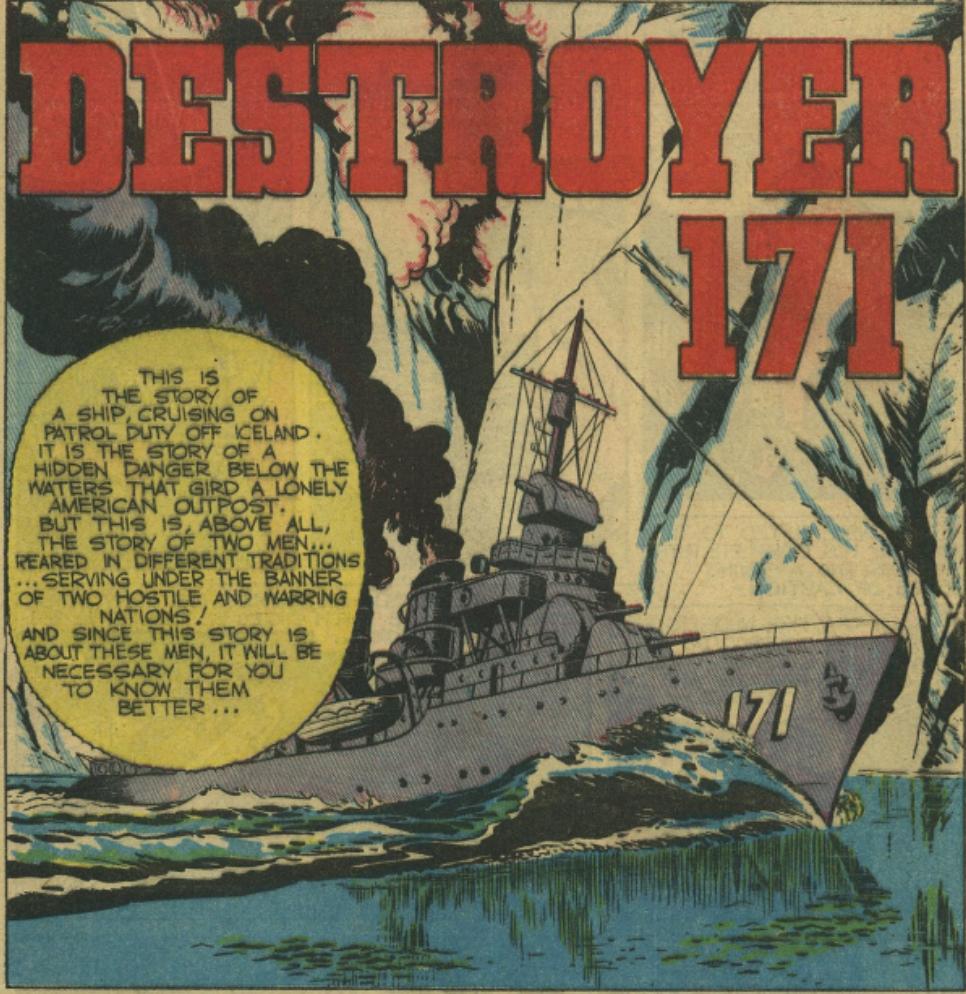
I WONDER  
SHOULD I  
TELL HIM?

OH...  
HE MAY  
HAVE  
GUESSED  
IT BY  
NOW!



# DESTROYER 171

THIS IS THE STORY OF A SHIP, CRUISING ON PATROL DUTY OFF ICELAND. IT IS THE STORY OF A HIDDEN DANGER BELOW THE WATERS THAT GIRD A LONELY AMERICAN OUTPOST. BUT THIS IS, ABOVE ALL, THE STORY OF TWO MEN... REARED IN DIFFERENT TRADITIONS... SERVING UNDER THE BANNER OF TWO HOSTILE AND MARRING NATIONS! AND SINCE THIS STORY IS ABOUT THESE MEN, IT WILL BE NECESSARY FOR YOU TO KNOW THEM BETTER...



THE FIRST MAN IS KAPITAN KARL WILHELM FEUTIG, COMMANDER OF THE SUBMARINE, DEUTSCHLAND... NOW LYING IN WAIT OFF THE COAST OF ICELAND —



THE DEUTSCHLAND IS AN ASSASSIN OF THE SEAS... A STEALTHY RAIDER THAT STRIKES WITHOUT WARNING, IT IS THEREFORE FITTING THAT KARL WILHELM FEUTIG SHOULD BE IN COMMAND —



BORN OF MIDDLE CLASS GERMANS, CARL WILHELM FEUTIG GREW UP IN AN ERA OF STRIFE AND BLOODSHED. HE WAS AMONG THE FIRST TO JOIN THE RISING NAZI PARTY.



HE WAS WELL SUITED TO THE WORK BY HIS COMPLETE RUTHLESSNESS, AND A SAVING SENSE OF CAUTION -



AFTER ALL, MERE WORDS COULD NEVER DESCRIBE THE PURPOSE AND PATTERN OF KARL WILHELM'S LIFE SO WELL AS THIS -

AT HEIDELBERG, HE RECEIVED HIS FIRST WOUND IN COMBAT. A RAPIER NICKED HIS FACE IN A DUEL. HE WEARS THE SCAR AS A BADGE OF HONOR, FOR HE BELIEVES THAT THE LETTING OF BLOOD IS A MARK OF MANLINESS...



AT AN EARLY AGE, HE JOINED THE NAVY. AS A TRUSTED PARTY MEMBER HE ROSE IN RANK TO A SUB COMMANDER...



THAT IS KARL WILHELM FEUTIG. THERE ARE MANY MORE DETAILS OF HIS LIFE WHICH SHOULD BE TOLD. BUT WE WILL SHOW ONLY ONE MORE...



THE  
SECOND MAN  
IN OUR STORY IS  
THE COMMANDER  
OF THE U.S.S.  
PAWNEE...

LIEUT. COMMANDER HARVEY BLAKE  
WAS RAISED IN A SMALL AMERICAN  
TOWN, LIKE ANY OF A THOUSAND  
YOU MAY HAVE SEEN -

THAT'S A  
BLAZING SHIP,  
CONVOY!  
THE NAZI  
SUBS ARE  
ON THE  
PROWL  
AGAIN!

HE WENT TO COLLEGE BUT THE MOST VIOLENT  
SPORT HE EVER KNEW WAS FOOTBALL. HE NEVER  
MEASURED THE WORTH OF A MAN BY THE BLOOD HE  
SHED -

FULL SPEED AHEAD!  
WE'LL PICK UP THE  
SURVIVORS - IF  
THERE ARE  
ANY!

HE JOINED THE NAVY BECAUSE HE  
LOVED THE SEA. THE ONLY TIME HE  
BOthered WITH POLITICS WAS ON  
ELECTION DAY. LIKE MOST AMERICANS,  
HE COULD NOT UNDERSTAND GOVERN-  
MENT BY MURDER -

THEY'RE DEAD!  
THOSE NAZIS  
MACHINE-GUNNED  
THE LIFE-BOATS!

THAT SUB IS STILL  
SOMEWHERE ABOUT!  
WE'LL FIND HER! WE'LL  
PAY HER BACK FOR  
THOSE POOR DEVILS  
IN THE LIFE BOATS!  
I SWEAR IT!!

LET US WARN  
YOU, KARL  
WILHELM FEUTIG,  
THAT THERE IS  
NO DEADLIER  
FIGHTING MAN  
ON THE FACE  
OF EARTH  
OR SEA  
THAN A  
PEACE-LOVING  
LAW-ABIDING  
YANKEE WHO  
GETS MAD!!

SHORTLY AFTER THE SEARCH FOR  
THE NAZI SUB BEGINS -

CALLING BRIDGE!  
CONTACT OFF  
STARBOARD  
BEAM...

THEY'VE LOCATED  
THE SUB, SIR!

DROP  
DEPTH  
CHARGES!  
WE'LL  
BRING  
HER OUT  
OF HIDING!



A BARRAGE OF  
EXPLOSIVES SEARCH  
OUT THE UNDERSEA  
RAIDER -



AND SCORES A NEAR HIT!



WE'D BETTER GO  
UP, HERR KAPITAN!  
THE EXPLOSIVES  
LOOSENED THE PLATES!  
SEAWATER IS FOULING  
THE ENGINES!

YOU IDIOT!  
THEY'RE WAITING  
FOR US UP THERE!



WAIT UNTIL THEY'VE  
PASSED BY, THEN  
MAKE READY ALL  
TORPEDO TUBES!

JA, HERR  
KAPITAN!



SUDDENLY THE NAZI SUB BREAKS  
WATER, A HUNDRED YARDS TO STARBOARD-



DESPERATELY MANEUVERING TO  
AVOID THE TORPEDOES, THE U.S.S.  
PAUNEE RUNS AROUND ---



SECONDS LATER ANOTHER TORPEDO  
SLAMS INTO THE HELPLESS SHIP!



THAT SUB  
COMMANDER  
WASN'T TAKING  
ANY CHANCES! HE  
LOADED ALL  
TORPEDO TUBES  
BEFORE HE  
CAME UP!



LOOKS  
LIKE WE'RE  
DONE FOR,  
SIR!

ORDERS, SIR! A  
TROOPSHIP IS PUTTING  
OUT FROM REYKJAVIK!  
WE'RE ASSIGNED TO  
CONVOY DUTY!

TELL THEM  
WE CAN'T  
MAKE IT!

NO! WAIT!

ORDER UP A HUNDRED CASES OF GUNPOWDER! WE'RE GOING TO BLOW THIS SHIP OFF THE ROCKS!



## NATIONAL COMICS

BUT EVEN IF WE GET AFLOAT AGAIN, THE SHIP ISN'T SEAWORTHY! WE COULDN'T STAY ABOVE THE WATER!!



A THUNDEROUS EXPLOSION HURLS THE PAWNEE FROM THE GRASP OF THE REEFS!



MAN THE PUMPS! CHANGE THE COURSE TO POINT ONE-TWO-OH! I HAVE AN IDEA! OUR SUB-MARINE FRIEND WILL TRY TO INTERCEPT THAT TROOPSHIP!



AT THIS MOMENT, THE DEUTSCHLAND PICKS UP THE SOUND OF THE TRANSPORT'S PROPELLERS —



THIS IS HER COURSE, KAPITAN! THE FOOLS ARE TRAVELING WITHOUT AN ESCORT!





DESTROYER  
**171**  
APPEARS IN  
ANOTHER  
THRILLING  
STORY IN  
NEXT  
MONTH'S  
**NATIONAL  
COMICS!**



# Policewoman **SALLY O'NEIL**



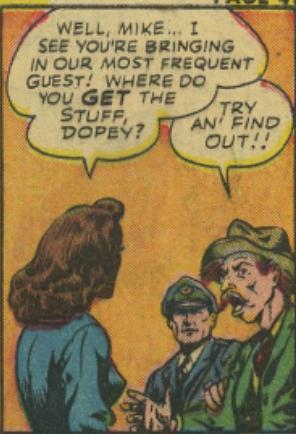
By  
AL RYANT



**I**N A SORDID WATERFRONT SECTION OF THE CITY, LIVES THE QUEEN OF THE BEGGARS! ... A TWISTED, CYNICAL OLD WOMAN, SHE EXERTS A SINISTER AND DEMORALIZING INFLUENCE UPON ALL WHO CROSS HER PATH!

**SALLY O'NEIL,**  
ATTEMPTING TO SOLVE  
THE DOPE RACKET,  
FINDS HERSELF IN THE  
CLUTCHES OF THE  
BEGGAR QUEEN AND  
HER VICIOUS GANG OF  
BOGUS MENDICANTS!

**READ THIS STORY...  
OF THE STRANGEST  
GROUP OF  
UNDERWORLD  
RACKETEERS  
EVER KNOWN! ...**



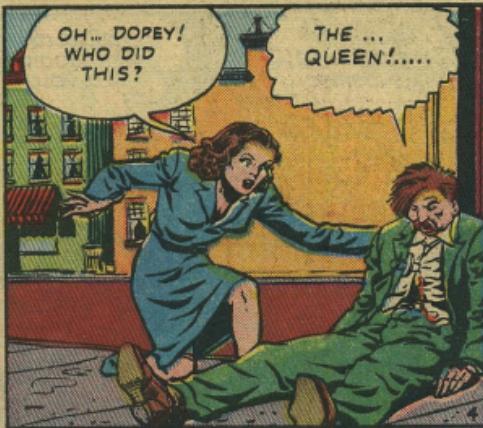
**NATIONAL COMICS**

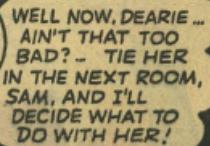


SOON AFTER ... IN THE HOME OF THE BEGGAR QUEEN...



THE FOLLOWING DAY ...











# SMOKE in YOUR EYES

THE cloud of Mitsuis darkened the sky above the small group of islanders. They had come out of nowhere and the land crews were unprepared. Talugi Island was the largest of the chain. And on it were stationed the largest portion of fighting forces, plus the entire twin squadron of planes.

Squadron Leader Randall Holmes dived for his ship, calling out to the others to pile in and meet the enemy. In a moment twenty-five ships were lifting from the field and in the air. But they never had time to gain altitude, and the Jap planes began a hot strafing from four thousand feet that caught the American fighters in a bad spot.

As Randall Holmes felt the lead slugs ripping through his wings and peppering the tail assembly, he thought with a somberness that didn't characterize him, "Why the devil don't they get us some decent equipment over here? Not even a listening device that will work. So they sneak up on us and blow us to—"

Randall didn't finish the sentence. A heavy-calibre shell smashed through his fuselage and exploded, blowing two-thirds of the ship's hull away. In a moment the entire plane was ablaze and Randall went overside. Floating down toward the blue vastness of ocean, he had time to do some more thinking. Not only did they need better equipment, they needed something else. And—

"I have it!" said Randall to himself. "I have it. Tomorrow if I have the chance I'm going to dope it out, too!"

The Japs laid plenty of eggs on the island group and accounted for at least seven of the American fighting ships.

"And all because we have no listening device. Or mostly be-

cause of that lack," said Randall Holmes bitterly the next morning.

"There's new equipment on the way over," said Dill Blakely, grinning slyly. "You know when we'll get it."

Randall nodded morosely. "If it's even on the way!" he snapped. "If it is, the Japs will have had time to wipe us out before it gets here."

They had done a lot of damage to the barracks and headquarters building on Talugi Island, and they had practically blasted two of the smaller islands out of the ocean. Not that the Nips were anything to boast about when it came to either dive bombing or straight shooting. They were plenty bad, but when a flock of planes come flying over, spilling eggs, a few of them are bound to hit home. They had been lucky in this raid: most of their bombs had found a target.

Randall Holmes and his remaining flyers did not stage a retaliatory raid on the islands held by the Japs four hundred miles away.

"Let 'em come and get us!" Randall said. "Maybe if they give us a little rest, I'll have time to get my scheme worked out, and then we'll be ready for them!"

Randall figured he had a real solution to the problem of combating the Jap air raids. The air was just right in this sector of the Pacific. He had a fairly complete laboratory, and he had the time to expend—if the Nips laid off for a few more days.

Randall worked hard the next two days, and by the end of the third—during which time there was not a sign of Jap raiding planes—he perfected the scheme with which he hoped to confound the Nip flyers. He made a few

tests inside the lab, but they were not what he had expected.

"Maybe it'll work differently outside," suggested Lieut. Moran. "Or maybe it'll blow away."

"That's the thing that worries me," answered Randall. "If I can't make this stuff hang in the air I won't have anything. It's got to work."

Lieut. Moran said, "Why don't we test it right now?"

"Exactly what I plan. Everything is all set. Come on!"

They packed the equipment necessary for the test on a small hand truck and started for an area of the island where there were no obstacles. They had set up most of the apparatus when the siren screamed. Air raid!

"Come on, let's duck!" cried Lieut. Moran, suiting action to words. He made a dive into a clump of bushes. Holmes close behind him.

"Dog gone!" said Randall, "they would pull a raid when we're all set to try the gadget!"

The Mitsuis came over then in a droning V and began dropping bombs on the island. There had been plenty of time for the planes to get off the ground and this time the boys were ready for the Nips. Randall and Lieut. Moran watched five Jap planes burst into flames in mid-air and crash in the ocean. Two of the enemy ships came down then, with nose guns spouting hot lead. Several .50 calibre guns began snorting on the ground, but it is extremely hard to hit a plane flying at two hundred miles an hour and only about a hundred feet above the ground.

The strafers mowed down the crews of two anti-aircraft guns, but neither of them got away. The

effective shooting of the other ground crews got them just as they were lifting their noses for the upper air. They crashed, one of them landing on its tail not a hundred paces from where Lieut. Moran and Randall crouched.

The raid was over in fifteen minutes, and the few Jap planes that were not hit, got away in the gathering dusk.

It was getting too dark for the two soldiers to try their experiment, so they decided to put it off till morning.

The next morning was clear and a faint breeze came in from the west.

"Excellent weather for the test," said Randall. "The breeze is just about right. Let's get going."

It took them an hour to set up the apparatus and half of that to get the test started. But once under way, the wind took care of the rest.

Squadron Leader Mel Handley glanced below with a quizzical look in his eyes. "Now what the Dickens is all that?" he asked himself. He cut in his radio. "Any of you birds know what that is downstairs?"

Negative replies came back over the two-way.

"Where the heck is Talugi Island?" one of the flyers asked. "It was there a few minutes ago, but I'll be darned if I can see it now!"

It was true. The island was nowhere in sight, nor were the dozen or more other islands in the group visible. All the flyers could see from the air was a vast expanse of ocean and, where the island had been a grayish mass of cloud.

"How the devil are we going to set down? Handley said into the transmitter.

"I'm going down to take a look-see," said one of the pilots. He dived his ship and Mel Handley followed. The first pilot soon found himself diving through what appeared to be a thick smoke

screen, and he was forced to pull out because the dense stuff got no clearer near earth. His altimeter showed 600 feet. Mel Handley overshot him and pulled out at two hundred. Immediately below him he could barely make out what looked like green vegetation.

"Must be the island, or one of them," he said. "But where the heck is the landing field?"

Mel winged over and came back, flying at 150 feet, and this time he spotted the field. He signalled the others, ordering them to come down to 150 and keep out a sharp eye.

It was at this point that a flock of Mitsuis took off from a Jap carrier approaching the island some hundred miles off. The Jap pilots soon spotted the grayish mass below and it was a startled bunch of Nips who circled the ever-widening cloud mass. They dropped a few bombs, but all of them fell into the sea.

Randall Holmes went up then with a small group of fighting ships and they came on the Japs from the rear. Cannon and machine guns snarled for a few moments and a half dozen of the Zeros fell out and came twisting earthward. Then the dog fight was on in earnest.

One Yank plane exploded and fell through the cloud mass. But that was the extent of the casualties. By the time the remaining Japs were chased out of the sky, all the American pilots knew just how to burrow through the grayish cloud and land.

"The strange thing is," said Randall, "the darn stuff keeps getting larger and larger. There doesn't seem to be any way to stop it from growing."

"So what?" said one of the soldiers. "Let it grow. I think that makes it all the better."

The Jap fleet had moved in by now and was hovering a few miles off the spot where they figured the islands were. Consternation reigned aboard all their ships. Not one of them had ever

seen anything like the cloud mass, and they had come to the conclusion that Nature was in cahoots with the Yanks.

About four-thirty that afternoon the Jap fleet sneaked up close and cut loose a broadside at the cloud mass. The shells screamed across the islands and fell into the sea. Not one of them found a target. Yet the Japs were not going to give up that easily. They peppered away at the cloud mass, lowering their range, until eventually the shells were falling on the islands. The island gunners were at a loss to know how to combat the enemy fire. They could draw no bead through the smoke screen.

"I think your idea has backfired," Lieut. Moran told Randall. "We'll be blown to pieces and not be able to give 'em back a burst."

Randall had been thinking. He still had the smoke screen apparatus intact. If he could only—

Randall stowed the test model in the bomb compartment of a fighter plane and took off. He flew north, away from the enemy ships and when he was flying at a great altitude, he turned and came back over the Jap fleet. He had an extra parachute in the cockpit. This he broke out and fastened the smoke screen apparatus to its lines and harness. Making allowances for the wind drift, he threw the chute out, after starting the tiny fog machine going.

By the time he got back over Talugi, the Jap fleet was invisible in a dense gray fog. Now the tables were turned. The American flyers took off and headed for the second smoke screen, a few miles away. It was no job to drop their bombs into the small cloud mass below. Explosion after explosion followed the rain of bombs; most of them had found their marks. By the time the cloud mass would dissipate, there would be little left of the Nippon Navy.

There's little fighting back a fellow can do with smoke in his eyes!

# CHIC CARTER

H  
HENKE  
H

THE  
CASE OF  
THE  
YOGA  
YEGGS

MAYBE I'M NOSEY...  
BUT THESE JOINTS  
FASCINATE ME!

"T"  
HAMADRABA  
... YOGI

REPULSIVE REARDON AND  
LOATHSOME LOUIE TAKING  
YOGA LESSONS! OF ALL  
THE UNEXPLAINABLE MYSTERIES!

SHHH! DON'T  
DISTURB THEM!  
THEY ARE IN  
A YOGA  
TRANCE!

YOU'RE  
TELLING  
ME?



FINE TIMES WE  
LIVE IN! MOBSTERS  
PRACTICING YOGA!  
WHAT NEXT?



I'VE WANGLED AN  
INVITATION TO THAT  
PARTY! IT'S THE ONLY  
WAY I CAN GET YOU TO  
TAKE ME ANY PLACE!

OF ALL THE  
PLACES TO GO  
FOR A GOOD  
TIME!... MRS. VAN  
ROBELARD'S PARTY!  
OH-HH!



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I HAVE  
PERSUASSED THE GREAT YOGI, T. HAMADRABA,  
TO COME HERE TONIGHT WITH TWO OF  
HIS DISCIPLES.... THEY WILL DEMONSTRATE  
THEIR WONDERFUL YOGA METHODS AND  
THEN SHOW YOU ALL HOW TO DO IT!



**I**N CHIC'S  
OFFICE...

HAVE A LOOK  
AT THIS, CHIC!

"MRS. VAN ROBELARD  
PROMISES RARE TYPE  
OF ENTERTAINMENT AT  
HER CHARITY PARTY..."  
WHAT'S THAT TO  
US?



A  
T  
THE  
ROB  
ELARD  
PARTY  
...

SO FAR, I'M  
BORED... HOW  
ABOUT YOU,  
GAY?

I'M LOOKING  
FORWARD  
TO THE  
ENTERTAINMENT!



T.  
HAMADRABA!  
WHERE'VE  
I HEARD  
THAT NAME  
BEFORE?

CHIC-- SEE THOSE  
PEARLS MRS. SONDEFELLER  
IS WEARING! I HEAR  
THEY'RE WORTH HALF  
A MILLION DOLLARS!

THEY DO  
NOTHING TO  
IMPROVE HER  
FACE!





FIRST A DEMONSTRATION OF A FEAT IMPOSSIBLE TO PERFORM WITHOUT THE MOST COMPLETE CONCENTRATION...



AND NOW WE WILL SHOW YOU HOW IT IS DONE! FIRST, YOU MUST CONCENTRATE DEEPLY ON WHAT I SAY... THEN YOU WILL WAIT FOR MY COMMAND WHICH I WILL CONVEY TO YOU BEFORE COMING OUT OF THE YOGA TRANCE!

SOMETHING'S COOKING HERE! LOATHSOME LOUIE, REPULSIVE REARDON, A SLICK FAKIR, A SET OF PEARLS WORTH HALF A MILLION... ADD IT UP AND WHAT DO YOU GET? I'D BETTER KEEP MY EYES OPEN!



OOPS! THERE GOES MY GIRDLE!







CHIC CARTER HAS ANOTHER HILARIOUS ADVENTURE IN NEXT MONTH'S NATIONAL COMICS!

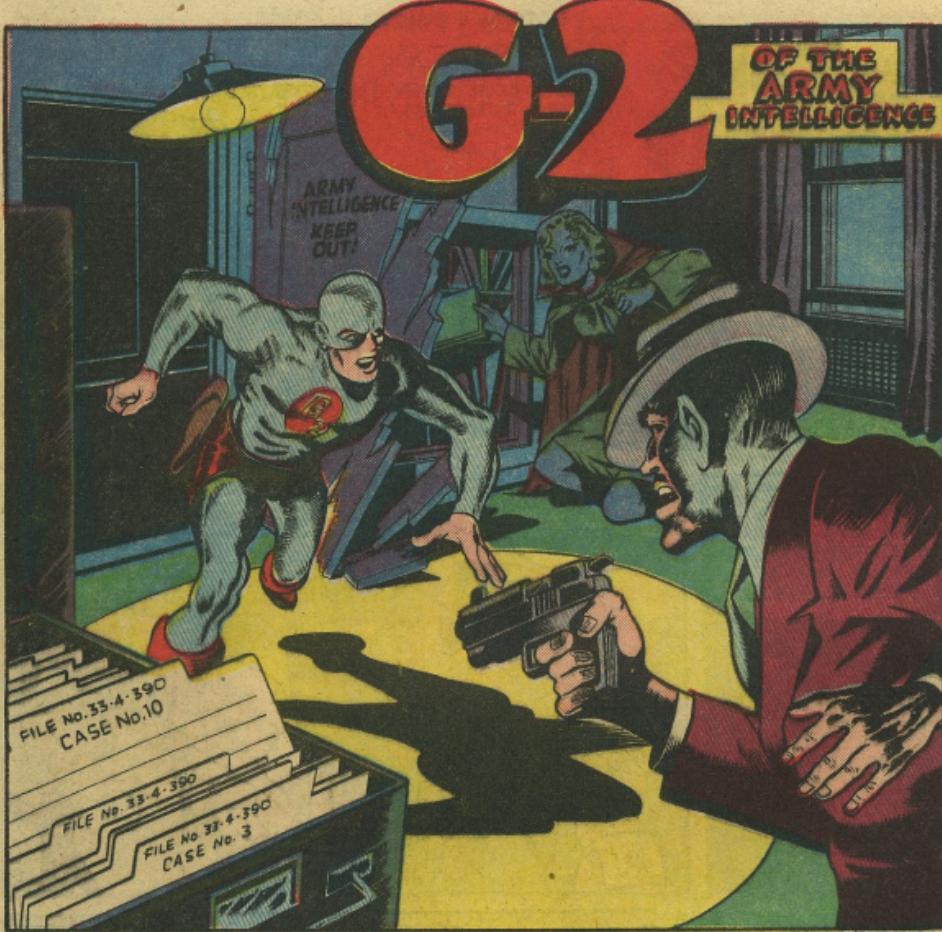
# Cyclone Cupid



# G-2

OF THE  
ARMY  
INTELLIGENCE

ARMY  
INTELLIGENCE  
KEEP  
OUT!











I INTEND TO MAKE A PRESENT OF YOU TO MY MASTER--HERR HITLER!

SURE OF THAT, ARE YOU?

OTHERS HAVE TRIED! BUT NOT THURA! I WAS SENT WITH THE SPECIFIC ASSIGNMENT TO GET YOU, G-2! I STUDIED YOUR HABITS -- THEN SENT KURT TO MAKE THAT DARING ASSAULT AT YOUR HEADQUARTERS!



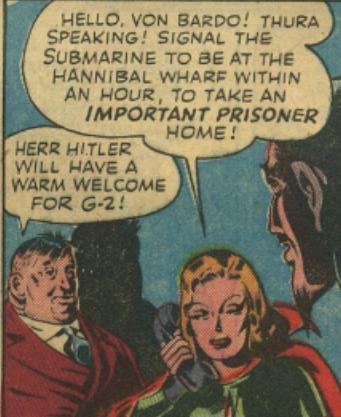
THE DRIPPING ACID EATS AT G-2'S METAL SHACKLES...

I KNEW KURT COULD LURE YOU HERE! THE ROPE WAS SURE TO ATTRACT YOU! EVERY STEP TOOK YOU DEEPER INTO MY TRAP!



HELLO, VON BARD! THURA SPEAKING! SIGNAL THE SUBMARINE TO BE AT THE HANNIBAL WHARF WITHIN AN HOUR, TO TAKE AN IMPORTANT PRISONER HOME!

HERR HITLER WILL HAVE A WARM WELCOME FOR G-2!



I GO AHEAD TO START THE CAR! BRING THAT PACKAGE WITH YOU!

SEIG HEIL!



G-2'S SHACKLES ARE EATEN BY THE ACID! --WITH A MIGHTY EFFORT HE GETS FREE!

COME, HONORED GUEST!

OR DO WE HAVE TO WHIP YOU ALONG?



A GUEST, AM I? -- THEN HOW ABOUT A FEW PARLOR GAMES?











**BASEBALLS**

**KNIVES**

**FISHING EQUIPMENT**

**SCOUT EQUIPMENT**

**STERNO STOVE - GAMES**

**MODEL AIRPLANES**

**WAR STAMPS - ATHLETIC**

How would you like to have a real working model of the famous BOEING FLYING FORTRESS! Man alive, it's a honey! You can build this plane yourself—then fly it! Think of the thrill you'll get when you send her into the blue for the first time. Can't you see those four propellers flashing in the sun as your FLYING FORTRESS heads into the wind—climbing higher and higher, then leveling off—headed straight for her target? You bet it's a thrill. All parts cut out and ready to assemble. Wing span, 32 inches. A real he-man flying model.

But that's not all! SEND FOR MY PRIZE BOOK TODAY. It's packed from cover to cover with the kind of prizes you've always wanted. A wrist watch, woodsman axe, camera and games. A fishing kit, complete with rod and reel and all the fixings, and best of all—War Savings Stamps. All these things will come to you as a successful Crowell Junior Salesman. Your own business—cash profits, and many swell prizes. START TODAY. CUT OUT AND MAIL THE COUPON TODAY.

**EQUIPMENT**



CLIP COUPON AND MAIL ON PENNY POST-CARD TODAY

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The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company  
Springfield, Ohio**

Dear Jim: I want to claim some of your wonderful prizes. Start me at once and tell me how to earn cash and War Savings Stamps.

Name. \_\_\_\_\_ Age. \_\_\_\_\_

Address. \_\_\_\_\_

City. \_\_\_\_\_ State. \_\_\_\_\_

## Here's How To Start!

Let me start you earning money, prizes and War Stamps right away. It's easy. It's fun. All you have to do is deliver Collier's Magazine [one of the most popular weeklies in America] to customers whom you obtain in your own neighborhood. Will take only a few hours of your spare time and will not interfere with school or play. Just fill out the coupon or write me a penny post card to let me know you want to start at once. My address is: **Mr. Jim Thayer, Dept. 996, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio.**

# Boy! Oh! Boy!

What MUSCLE...  
What a BUILD... What SPEED!

I'll tell you—You're Way Up Front With  
**STRENGTH LIKE THIS!**

Let me show you what I can do for you!

I know what you want! Strength! Endurance! Speed! A body to be proud of! You want tough, hard muscle on your shoulders, arms, back, and legs. Maybe you want to get rid of some of that fat. Maybe you're sick and tired of being kidded by the other fellows. Yes! I know what you want! Give me a chance to give it to you, and if in a short time you don't agree that I've done my job, I don't want any of your money!

## POWER PLUS Means Vitality, Energy, Strength!

All my life I've been making big muscles out of little ones. I've trained thousands of average boys and young men. I've trimmed down heavyweights. I've built up scrawny little fellows. I've done it in person; I've done it thousands of miles away! I've developed an amazing method called Power-Plus, the most original system for physical development ever

devised. There's nothing exactly like it anywhere—at any price. I work on your shoulders, your arms, legs, back, and chest. You must see definite results—or you don't pay! At the end of a short training period you must FEEL and LOOK like a different person, or I'll refund every cent you paid!

How'd YOU like to be able to defend yourself against all comers—to protect others if necessary—ready for anything?



How'd YOU like to be able to beat the crowd in athletic contests—prove your skill, strength, and speed?



How'd YOU like to be physically fit for the Armed Forces? Army, Navy, or Coast Guard? You may be in the Army some day and you'd certainly want to win your stars or bars.



## Beat the Other Fellow to the PUNCH!

I want every boy in America to have this opportunity! Yes, and every young man! If you're getting on toward Army age, I want to get you ready for officer material—for a bigger, huskier physique.

I want to make a winner of you! I don't care how old you are, where you live, or what you do, my proposition goes for YOU. Get started before the rest of the crowd does!

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All I ask you pay for ALL OF IT—entire and complete—is only \$1.95. Think of it! That's less than payment, not the cost of a single lesson, but \$1.95 FULL PRICE—for EVERYTHING!

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Use all the materials I send you. If you don't agree they are the biggest money's worth you have ever had, or if they don't do a tremendous job for you, mail them back any time in FIVE WEEKS, and I'll make a complete refund. Just fill out the coupon and mail to me. When your package arrives, simply pay the postman \$1.95 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. Or, if you prefer, enclose \$1.95 IN FULL, and I'll pay the postage myself. JOE BONOMO, 80 WILLOUGHBY STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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Only **\$1.95**  
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JOE BONOMO

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from Bernard Macfadden—

As an instructor in muscle building, you should stand at the head of the list. Many of your pupils already attest to your skill in developing bodies. I can recommend you most highly. Here's wishing you all possible success!

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